

MARVEL

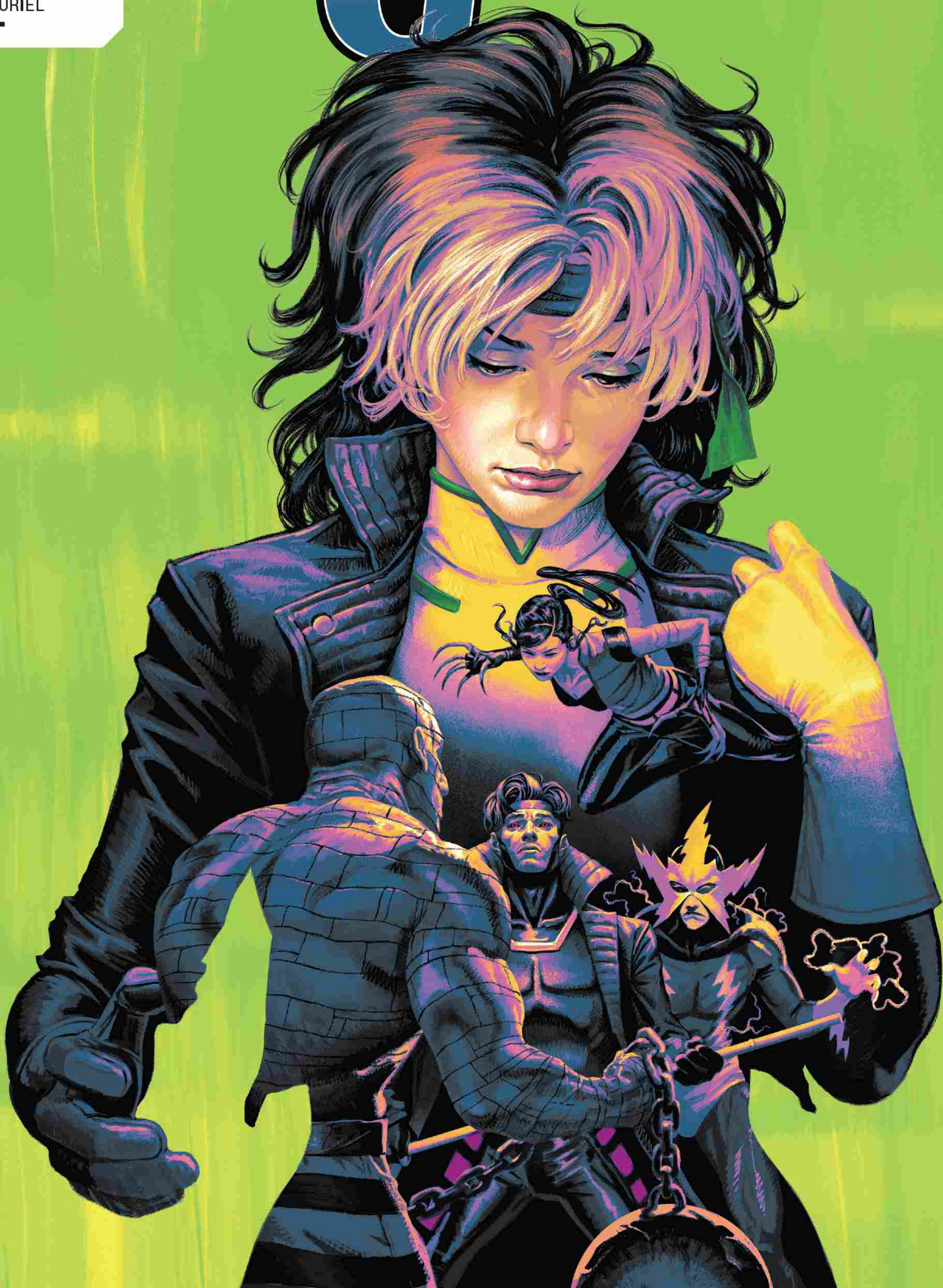
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003

PHILLIPS
GÓMEZ
CURIEL

Rogue & Gambit



New York City.

You've been following me.

You've been avoiding me.

Unsuccessfully.

You should be able to talk to your own wife, Irene.

I will talk to you, Raven...but I need time to collect my thoughts... to better understand what this all means.

You're talking about your vision?

What I've seen...Rogue and her husband cannot fail. They *must* bring Manifold to the no-place or *everything* we have built will be lost...

...WE will be lost.

Anna Marie trusts you. She understands the gravity of the situation.

She won't fail.

Maybe so...



"...but our daughter isn't who I'm concerned about."

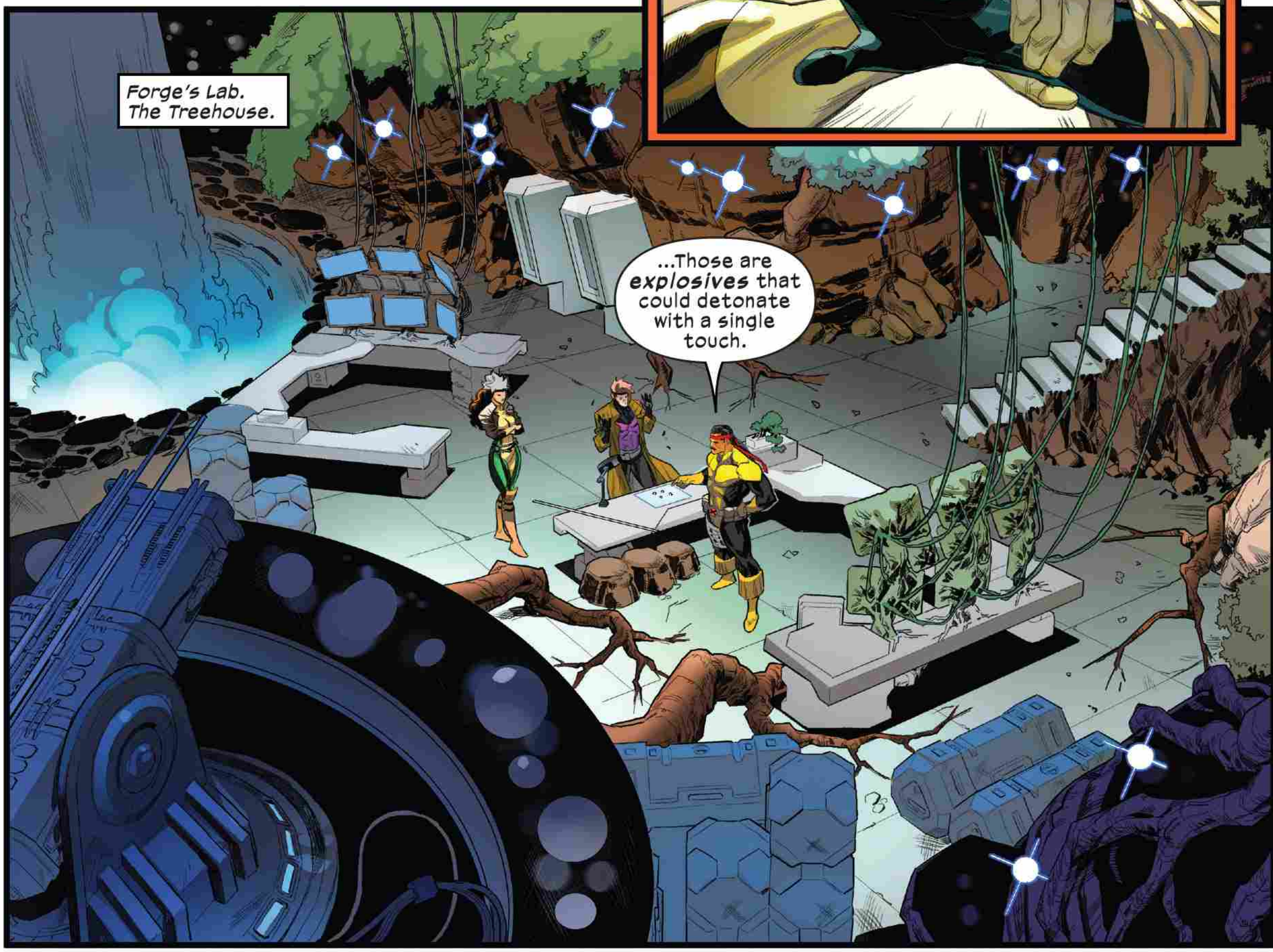
I don't know how you get anythin' done here, Forge...



...there's too many interestin' things to--



Too many things to *kill* yourself with, Gambit...



Forge's Lab.
The Treehouse.

...Those are *explosives* that could detonate with a single touch.



Remy...

What? I'm not the one leavin' explosives around for anyone to touch, *chère*.



Can you help us, Forge?

Not with the information--or *lack* of information--you've provided. You can't tell me *who* you're looking for or *why*.

Besides, locating missing mutants isn't really my department, Rogue.



That's *not* what I heard.

I don't know *what* you heard, but it sounds like you need Cali--

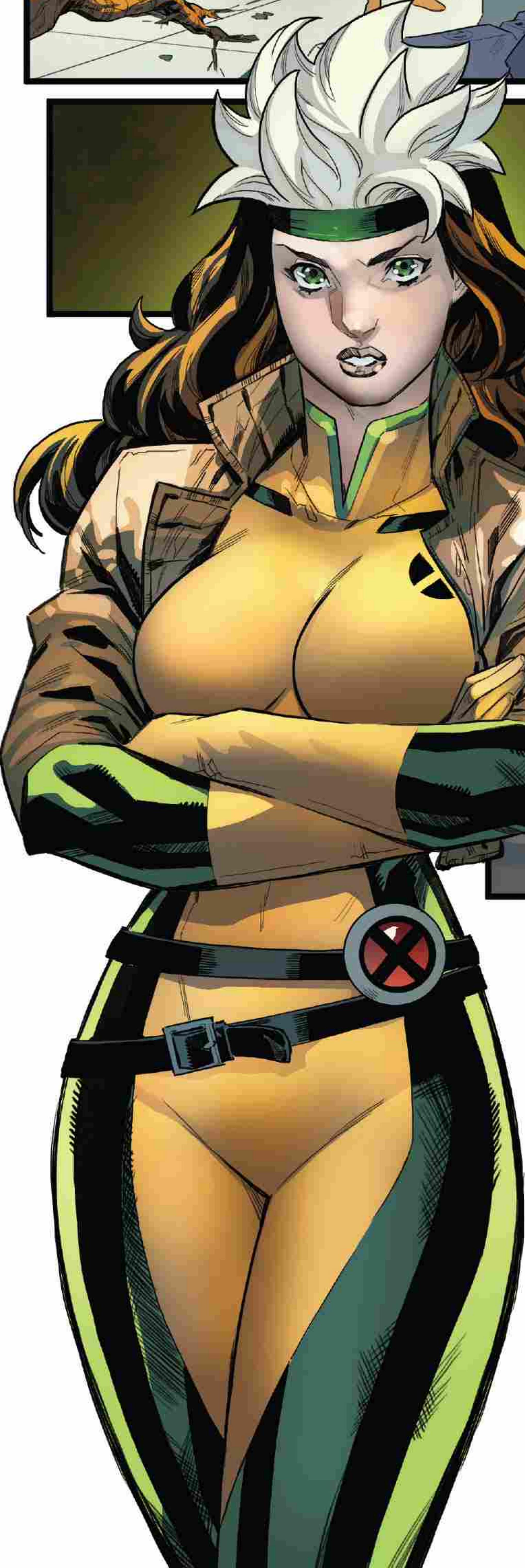


I know about the suit.



Destiny told you.

Suit? What suit?



The suit that Forge built using *Caliban* and *Mystique's* DNA in order to track Darwin in the Vault.

ROGUE & GAMBIT

YOU KNOW, A GENE JACKET

After a vision revealing that the teleporter Manifold would prove essential to saving mutantkind from an unknown impending threat, Rogue’s adoptive mother Destiny convinced her to find Manifold and bring him back to Krakoa. Much to Destiny’s displeasure, hubby Gambit decided to tag along.

But Manifold wasn’t interested. Hoping to sway him, Rogue and Gambit agreed to help him solve a mystery of his own: tracking down several superhumans who had been kidnapped by a mysterious figure.

They managed to track down the missing Lady Deathstrike, but before they could uncover who was behind her capture, their powers were drained via a strange device. Manifold teleported Rogue and Gambit away, but was captured and implanted with a mind-control chip himself.

Previously, Manifold had informed the Avengers of Rogue and Gambit’s interest in him, and they now suspect the couple of kidnapping him themselves. Hoping to track Manifold down before that conflict boils over, Rogue and Gambit may still have a few tricks up their sleeves...



[ANNA MARIE LeBEAU, A.K.A. ROGUE]



[REMY LeBEAU, A.K.A. GAMBIT]



[RAVEN DARKHÖLME, A.K.A. MYSTIQUE]



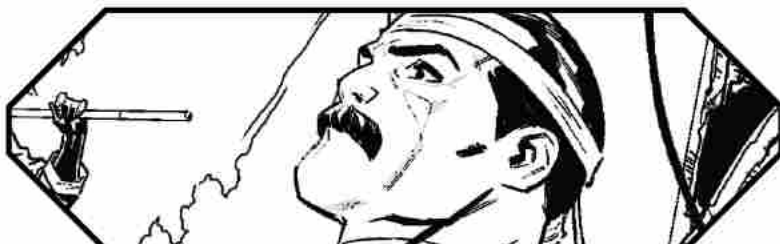
[LOGAN, A.K.A. WOLVERINE]



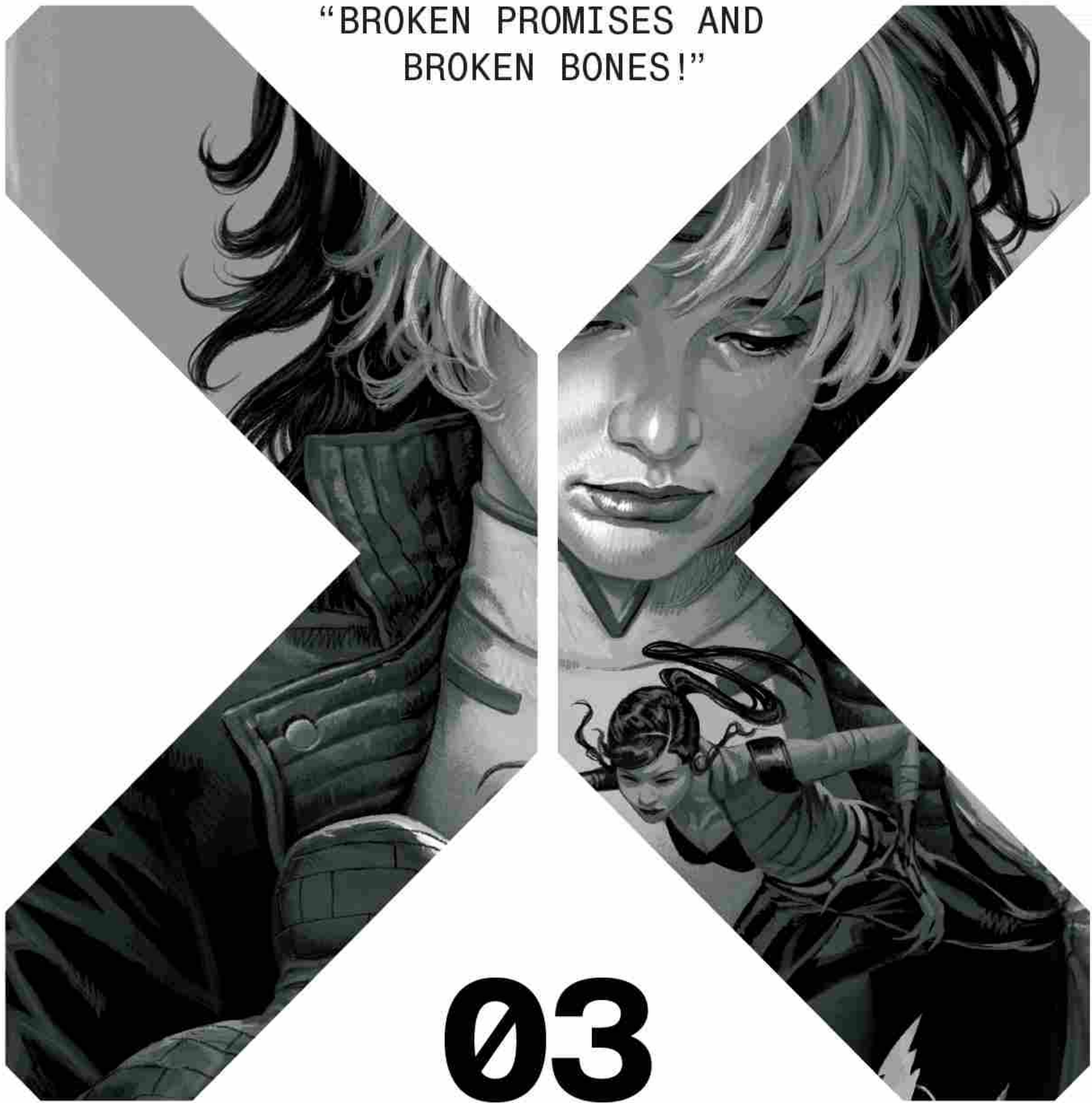
[IRENE ADLER, A.K.A. DESTINY]



[EDEN FESI, A.K.A. MANIFOLD]



[FORGE]



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FORGE'S LAB NOTES

FIVE MONTHS AGO

Caliban told me that the X-Men “do the right thing.” I can’t help wondering how far I strayed from the *right thing* by creating that suit... mimicking the powers of Tempo, Mystique and Caliban, even using some of their abilities *without* their knowledge or permission.

When I asked Mister Sinister to help me...I thought the need for the suit outweighed the morally compromised position it would put me in. After all, we’re talking about saving Darwin...a fellow mutant trapped in the Vault for *far* too long. And that suit was the only way I could see to enter the Vault and retrieve Darwin without further losses. Couldn’t you argue that it would be *worse* if I had the ability to save Darwin but did *nothing*?

>*Sigh*<

I’m justifying...creating an excuse for using another mutant like a *tool*...for creating something that could be turned into a *weapon* in the wrong hands. Even though I destroyed the suit and Caliban accepted my apology, something is still eating at me. I’m not sure if it’s guilt for having *created* the suit, or guilt for *destroying* it. The abilities the suit granted...the potential to do *good* with it --

I really didn’t feel like debating *myself* about the moral philosophy of the ends justifying the means today. Maybe I should see what McCoy’s doing...or have a drink.

Yeah...I’ll go with the *latter*.

Many years ago.

Knew Rogue was powerful...

...didn't know she was dangerous.

She will learn to control it, Wolverine.

Hope so. Our repair budget doesn't cover this.

Danger Room.

She left?

Through *one* of the giant holes in the ceiling.

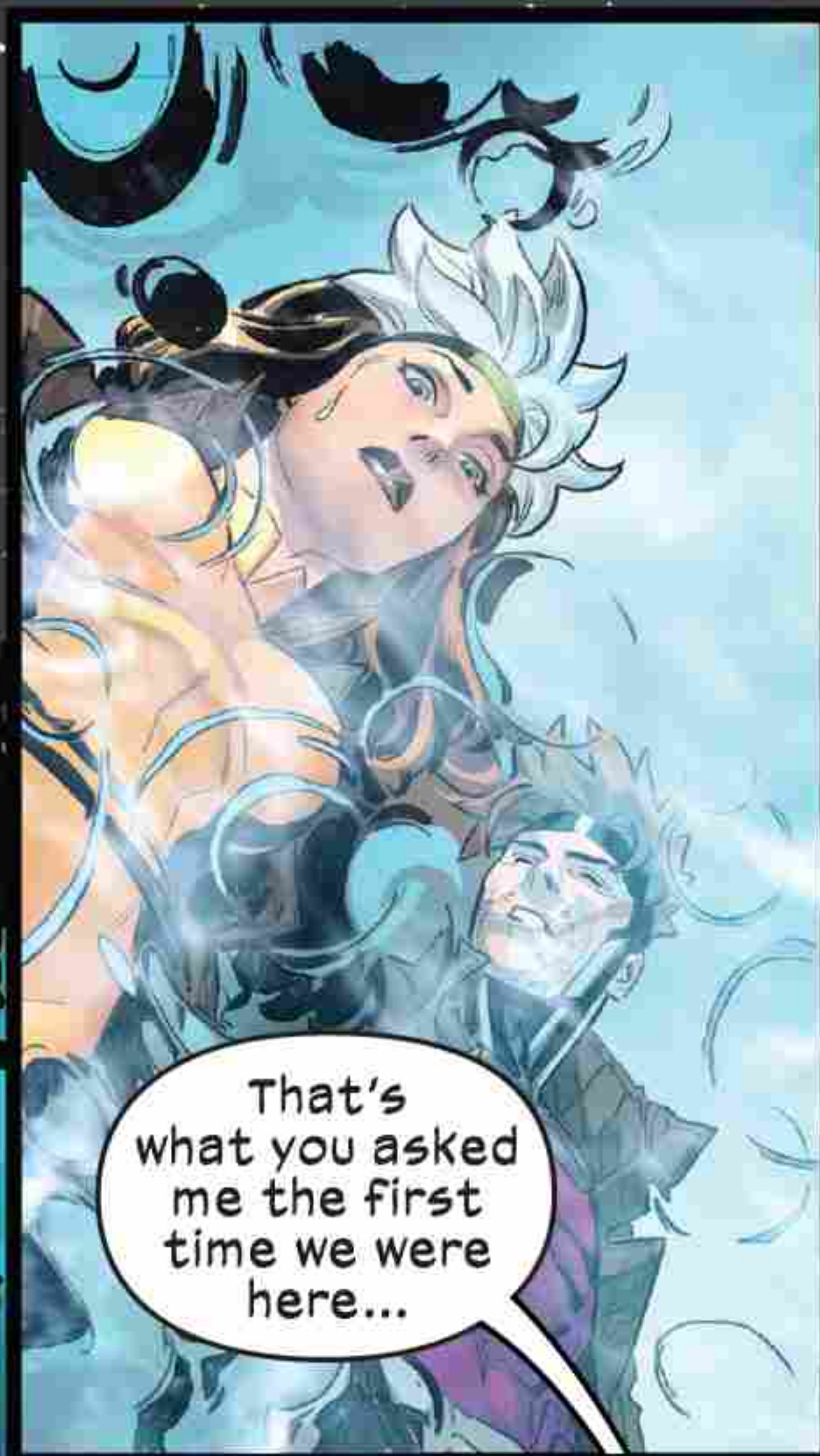
Any idea where she'd go?

Oui...



"...I know *exactly* where she is."

"What kind of man are you now, Remy?"



That's what you asked me the first time we were here...

New Orleans.

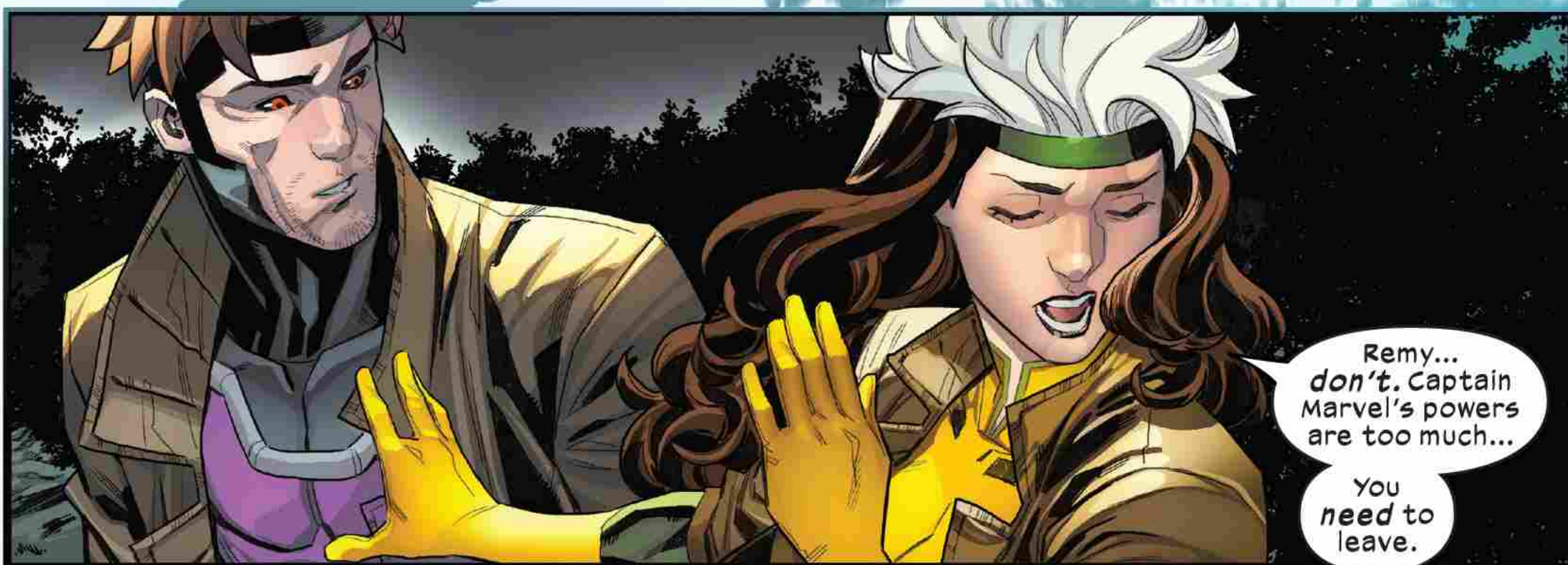
...the first time you told me you *love* me.

Stay back... you shouldn't have come...I could've really hurt Wolverine back in the Danger Room, and if you stay--



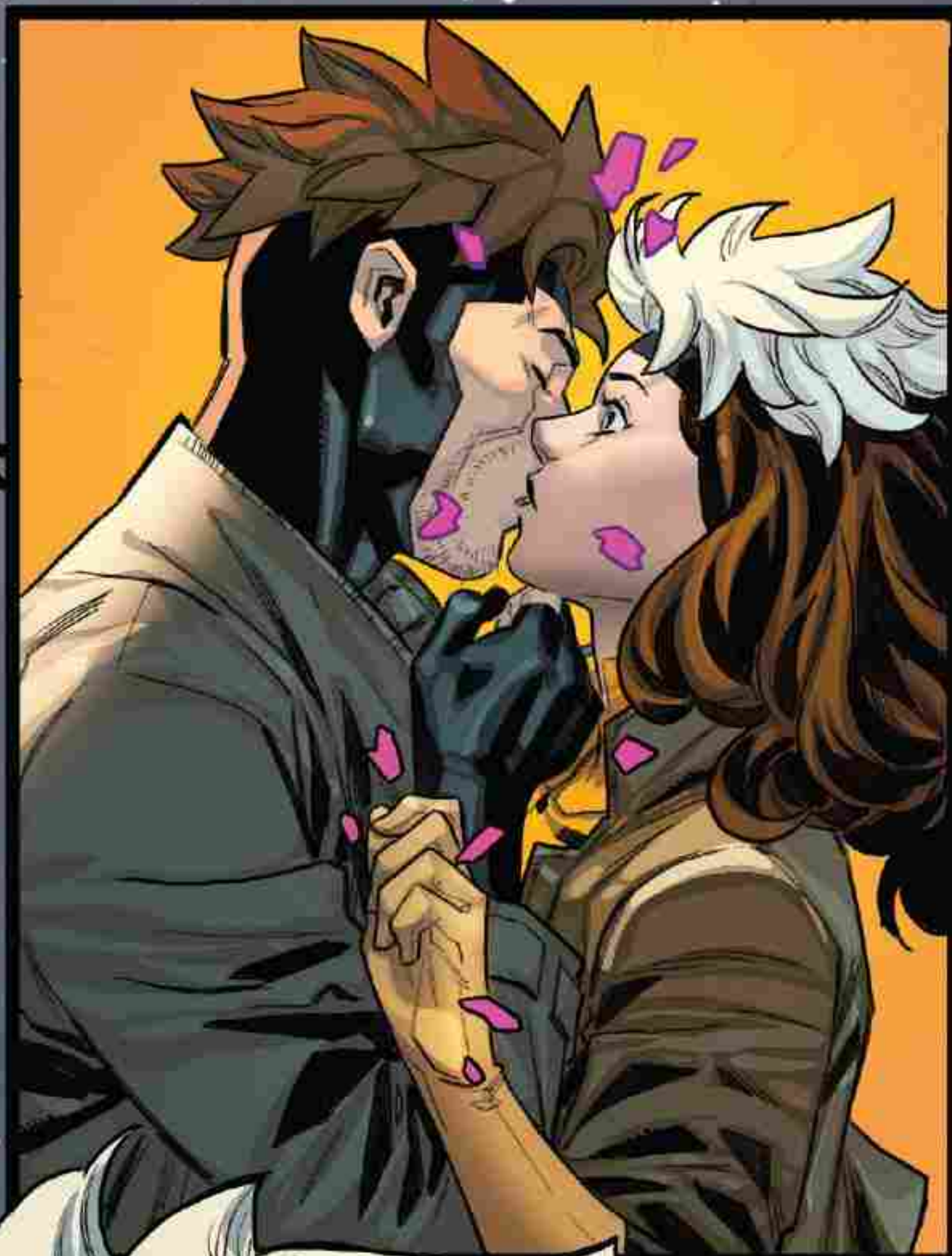
Wolverine's been hit worse. And if you didn't want me to come, you wouldn't be *here*, *chère*.

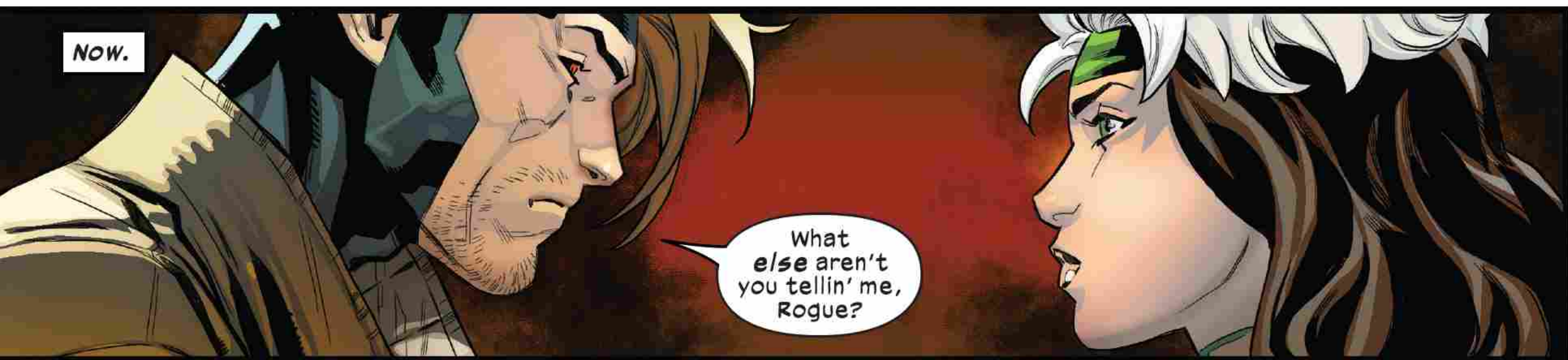
Besides, don't you want to know my *answer*?



Remy... *don't*. Captain Marvel's powers are too much...

You *need* to leave.





NOW.

What *else* aren't you tellin' me, Rogue?



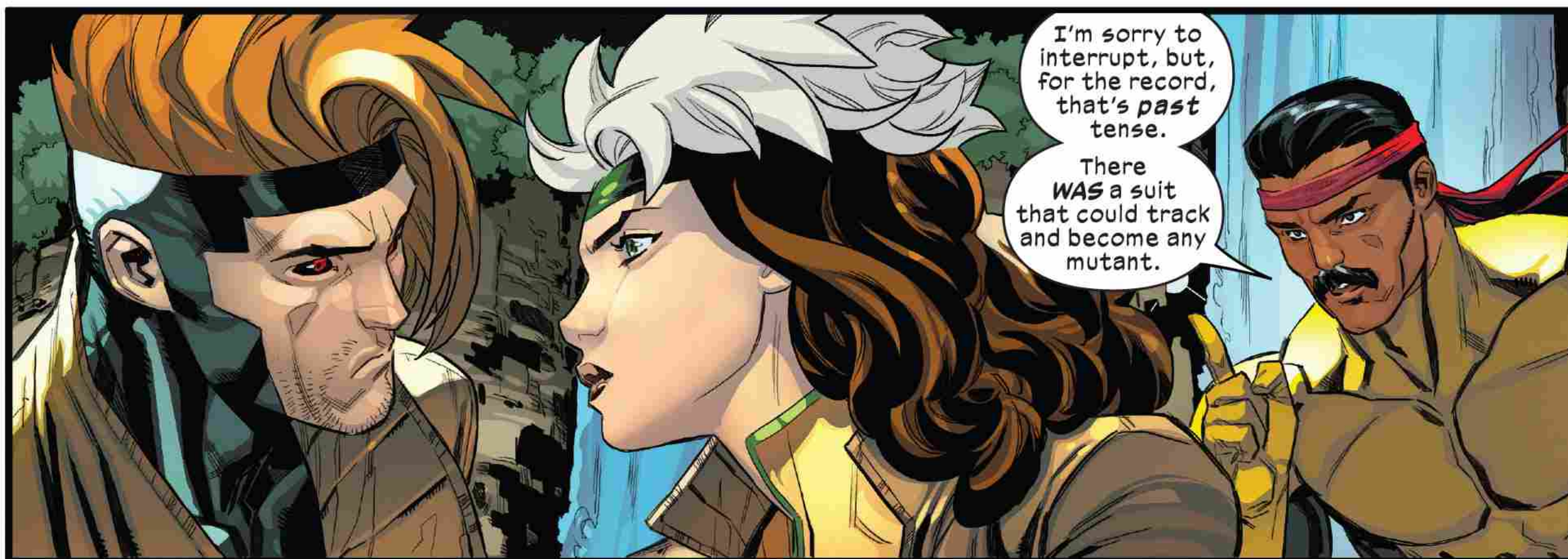
We do *not* have time for this right now.

You mean time to discuss that there's a suit that can track and *become* any mutant...



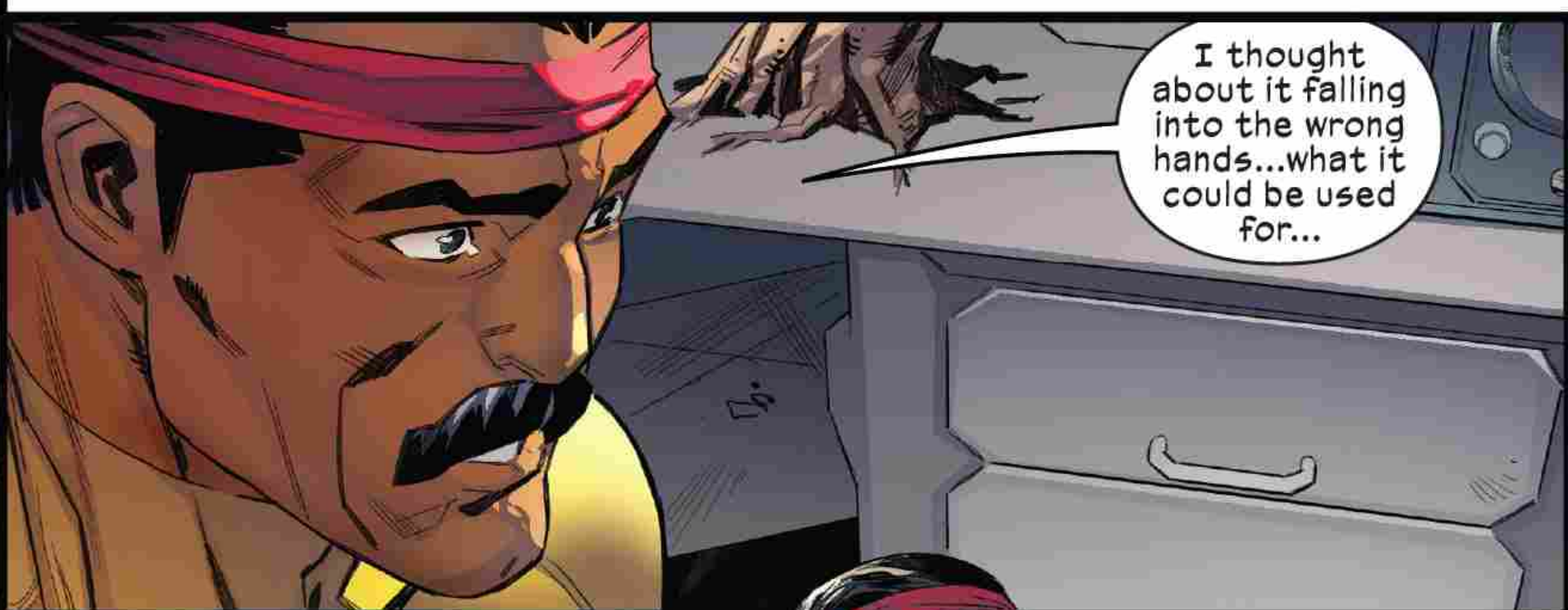
...or the fact that you *knew* and didn't *tell me* that there's a suit that can track and *become* any mutant?

I don't think you want to get into an argument about *keepin' secrets*, Cajun.



I'm sorry to interrupt, but, for the record, that's *past* tense.

There *WAS* a suit that could track and become any mutant.







Forge...?



Are you okay?



...Ugh...
Rogue...
Gambit...



...get the
@\$\$ out of
my lab.

"You were
supposed to
help, Remy..."



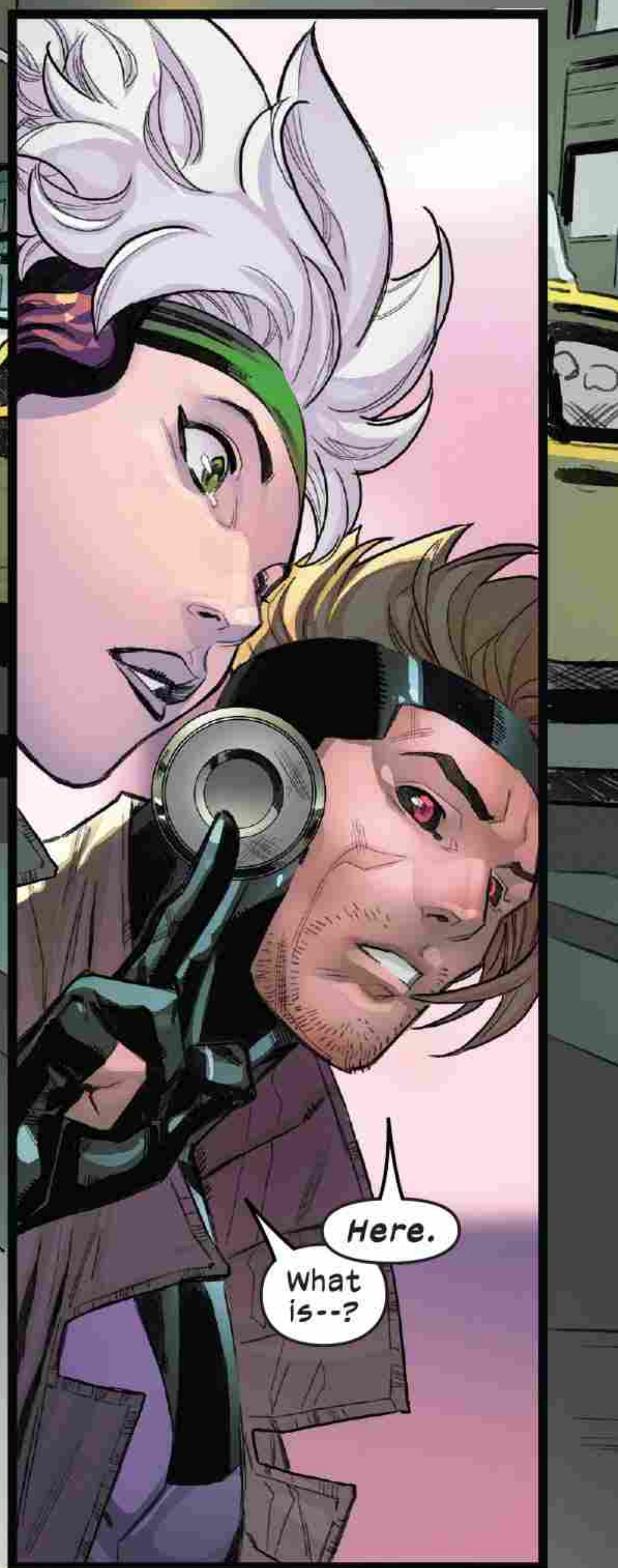
...but
all you've done is
complain and cause
problems.

I'm
sorry that
this happened
during our
vacation.

I'm
sorry that
you don't trust
Destiny...



...but *I* do.
And now we have to
try to find Caliban so
I can absorb his powers,
which I really, *really*
didn't want to--



Here.
What is--?

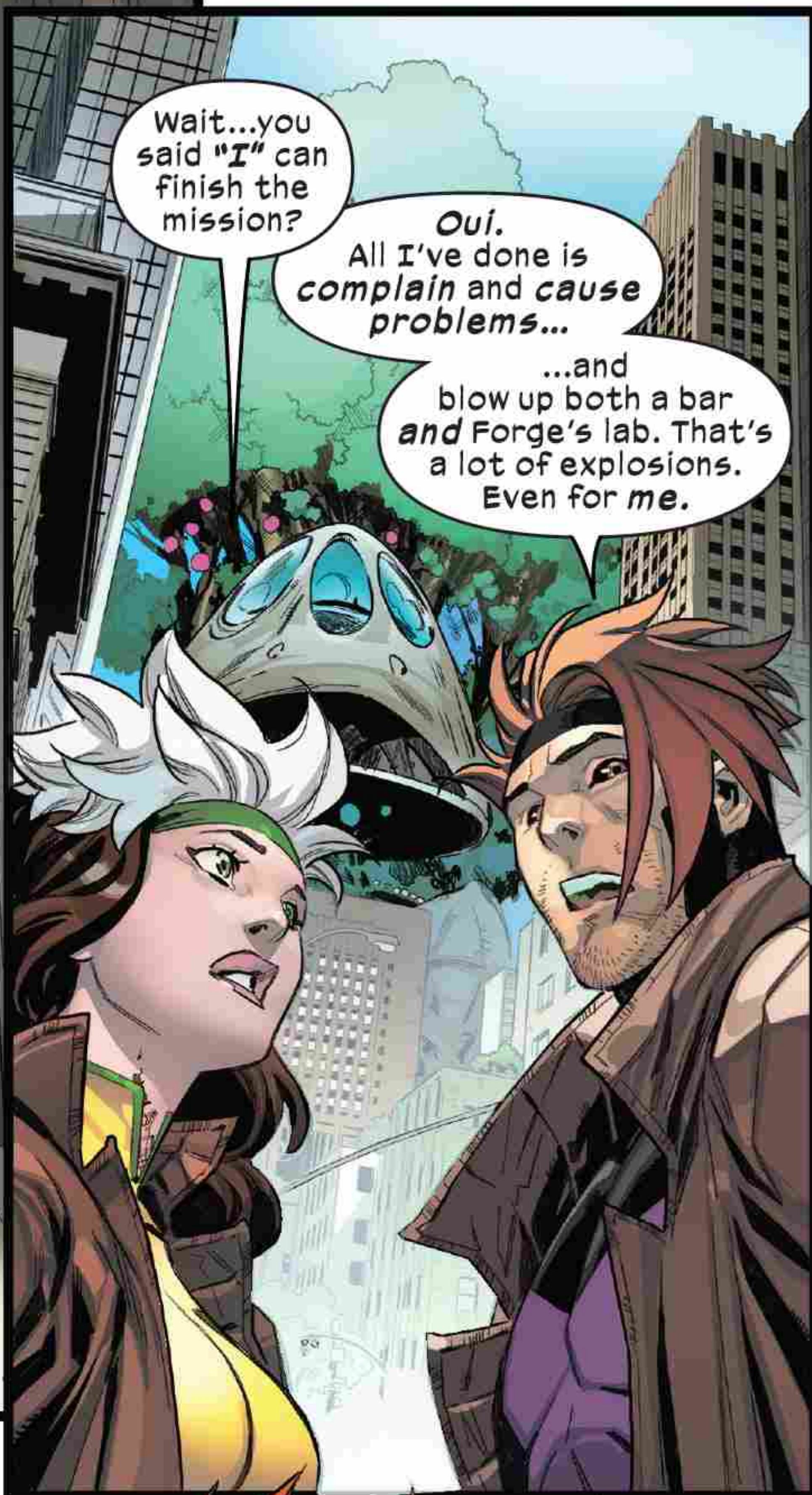




...but that man should **never** play cards.

I'm assumin' this has all the sciency stuff you need to track Manifold. You can finish the mission.

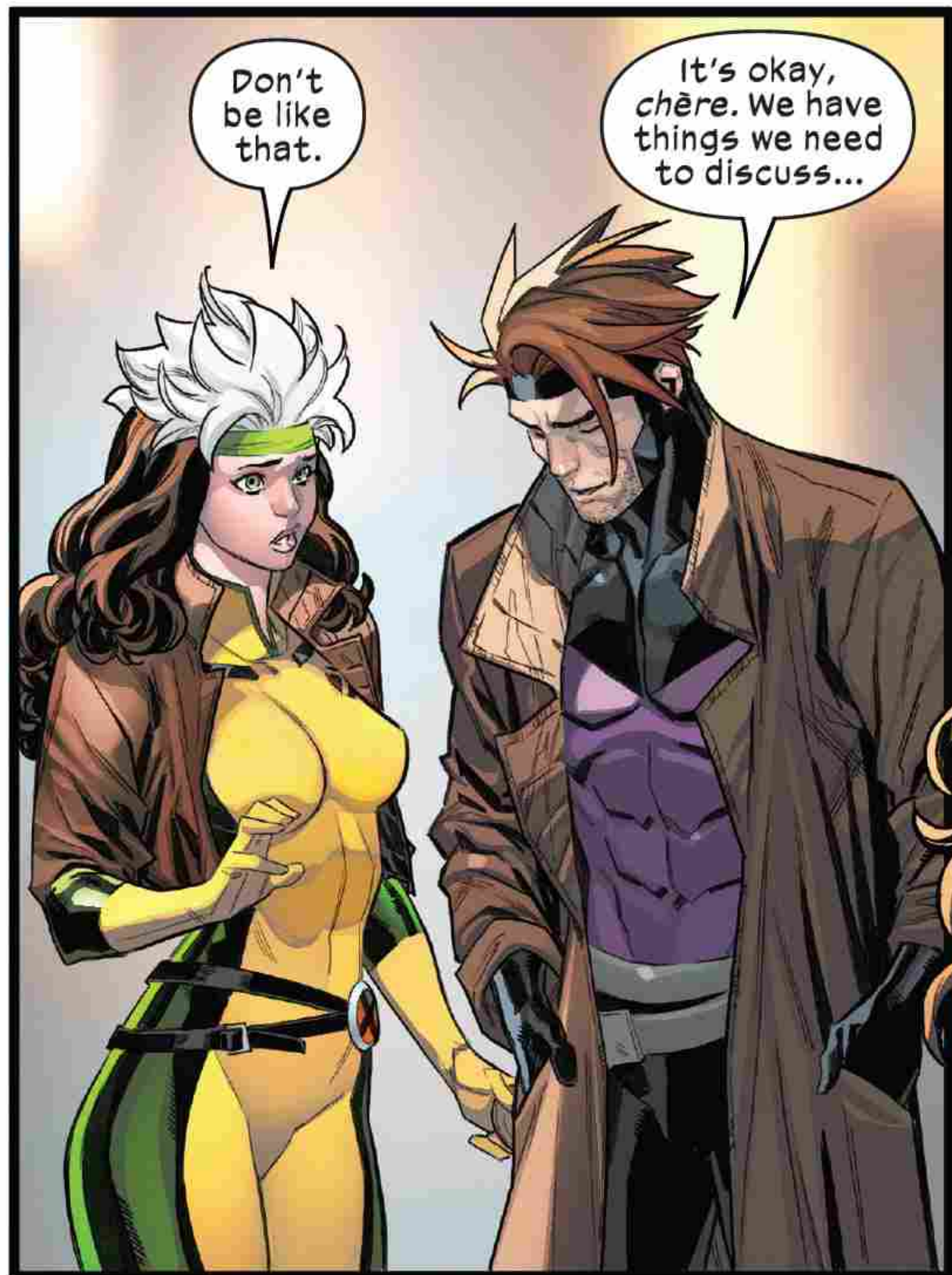
Gambit...
I--



Wait...you said "**I**" can finish the mission?

Ouf.
All I've done is **complain** and **cause** problems...

...and blow up both a bar and Forge's lab. That's a lot of explosions. Even for me.



Don't be like that.

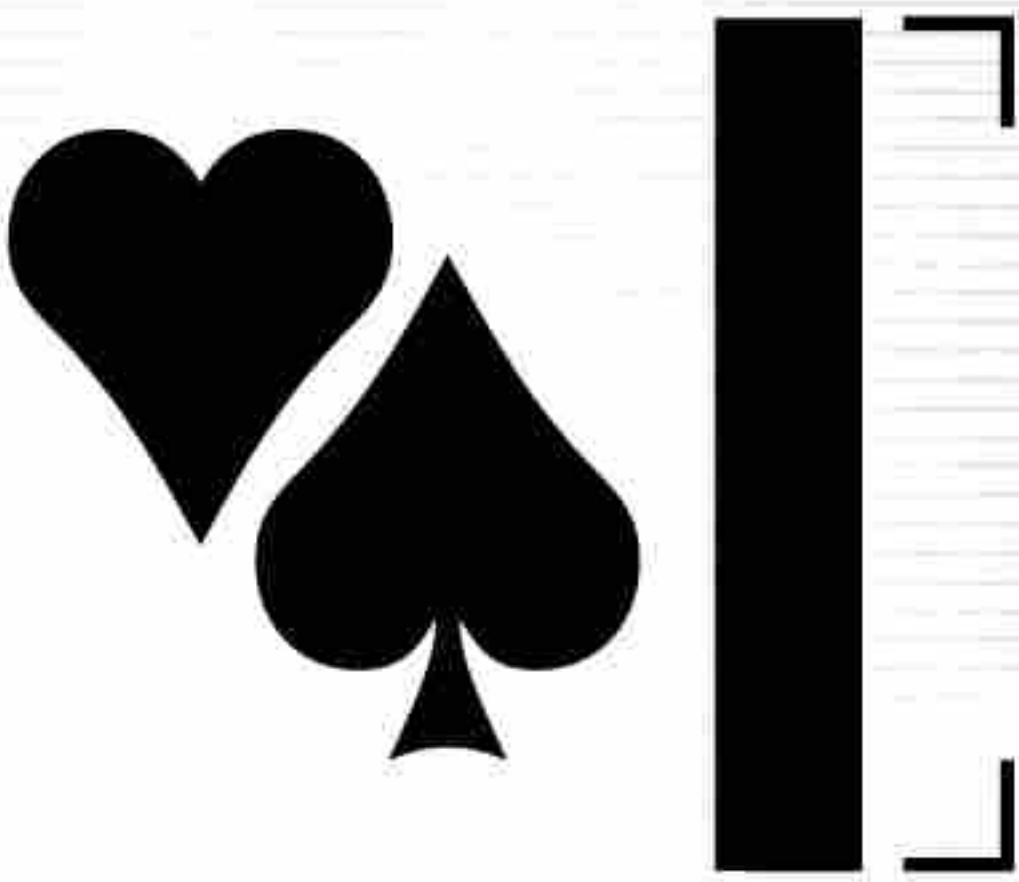
It's okay, *chère*. We have things we need to discuss...



...but savin' the world comes first.



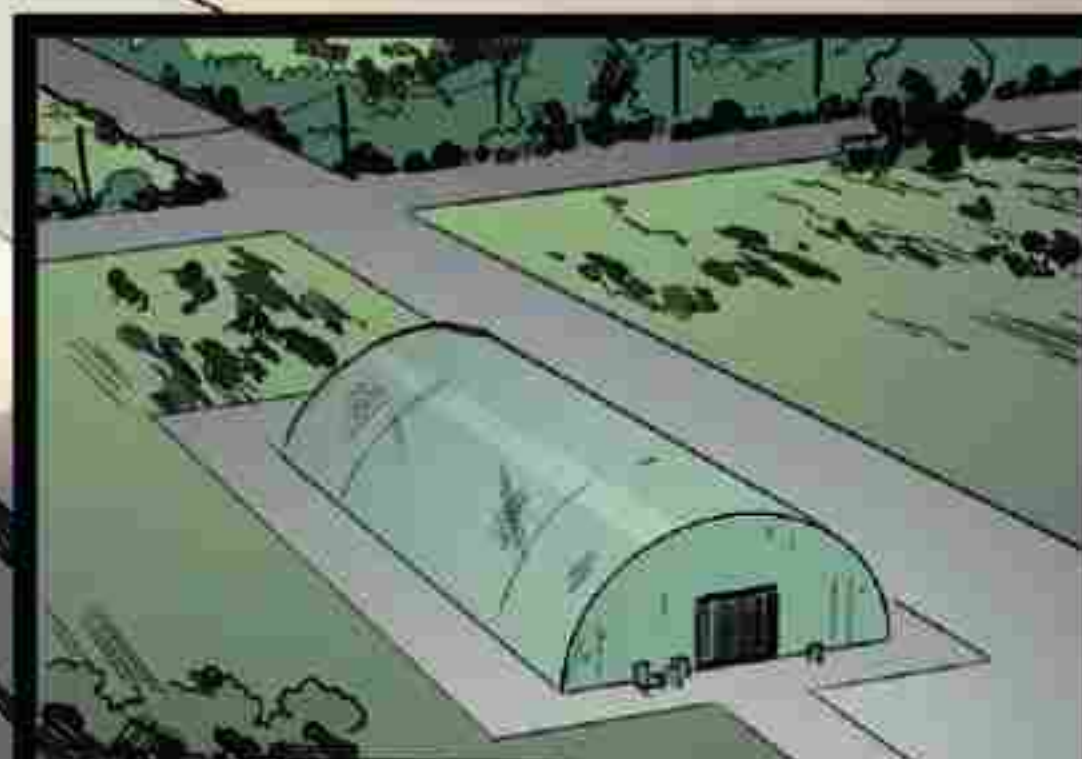
You know where you can find *me*, so go find Manifold.



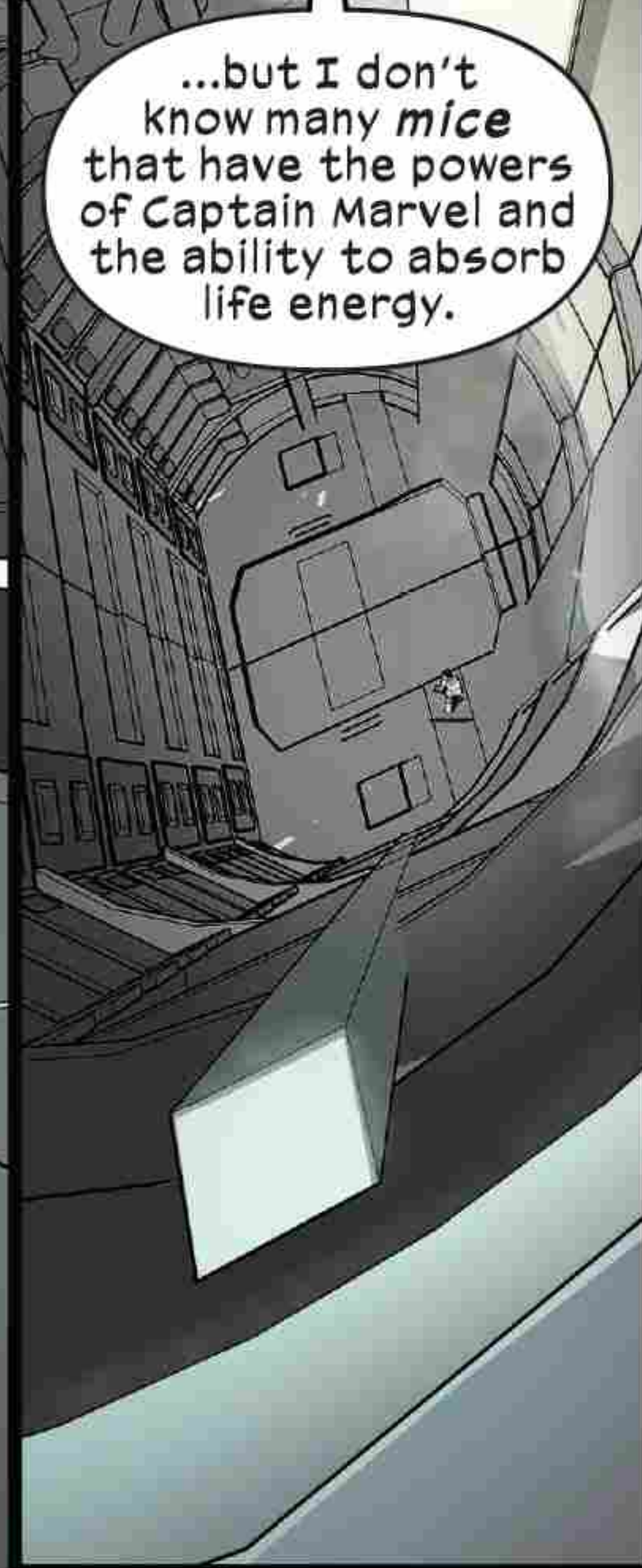
Somewhere in
New Mexico.



I've seen
literal *mouse-*
traps that look
more inviting
than this...

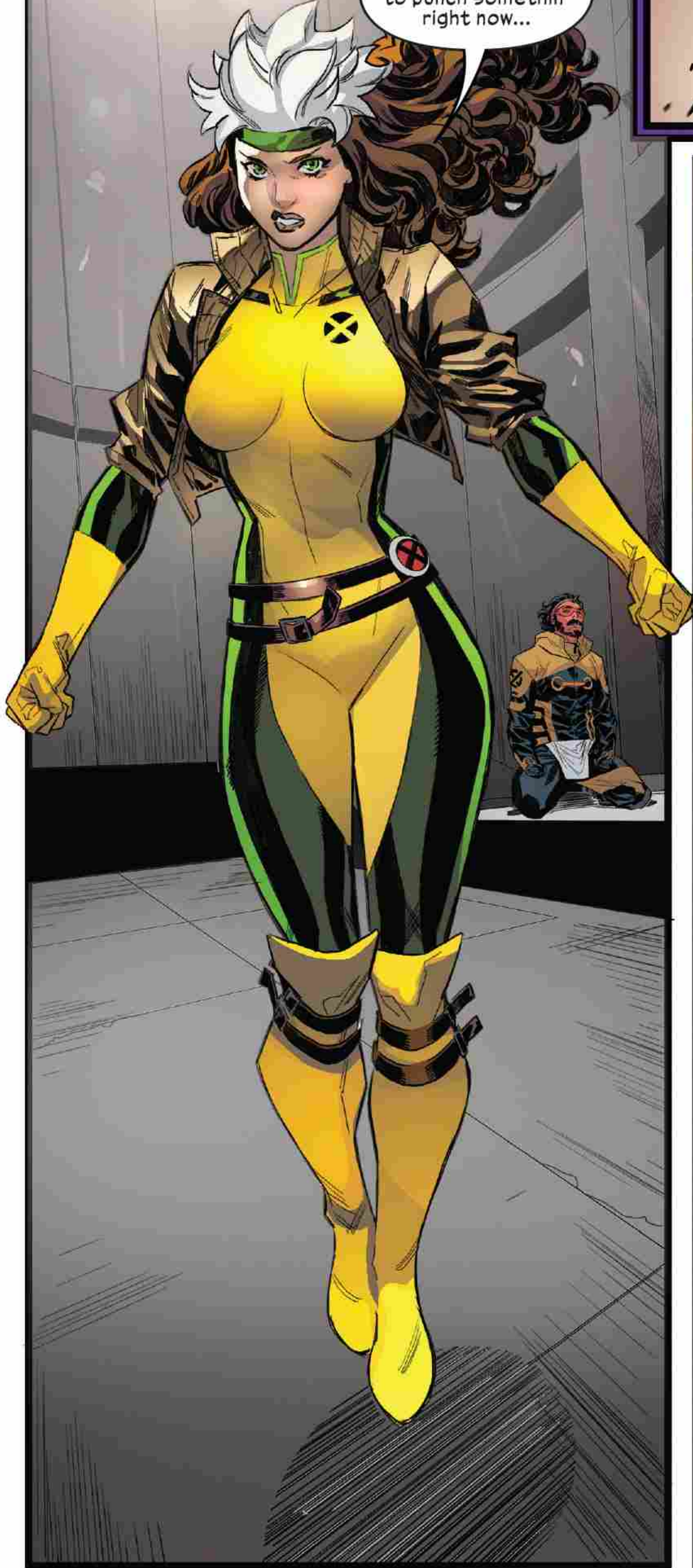


...but I don't
know many *mice*
that have the powers
of Captain Marvel and
the ability to absorb
life energy.



So can we *please* save the dramatic reveal and cut to the punchin'?

Cuz I could really stand to punch somethin' right now...



AS YOU WISH.

Hm?



Where are you...?

I was hoping your husband would be joining us, Rogue...



...though you alone will fetch my *highest* price yet.



Vanisher. Villainous teleporter. The name tells all.

Electro. Creates and weaponizes electricity. The name leaves very little to the imagination.

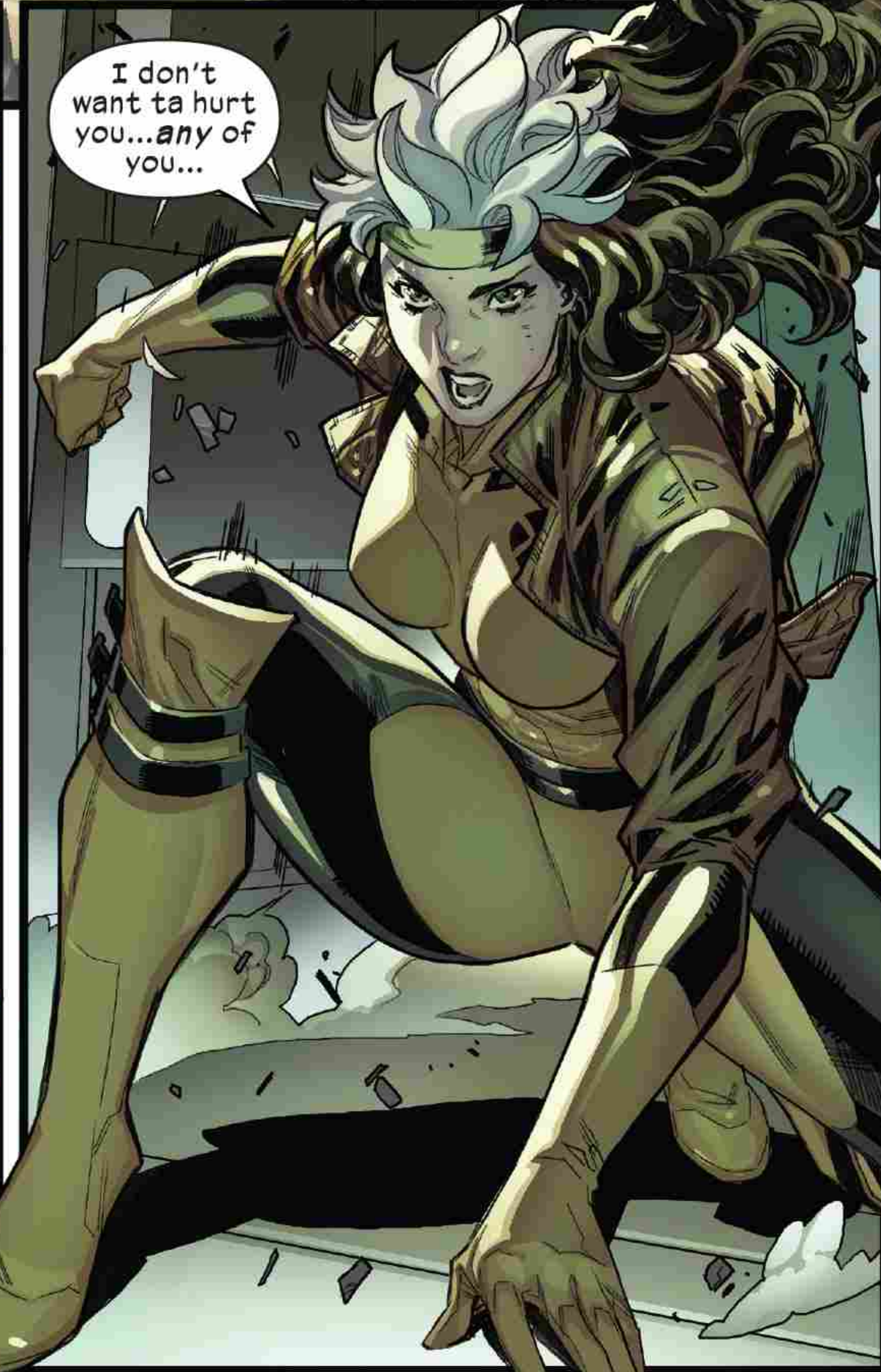
Absorbing Man. Can absorb the properties of anything he touches.

What is this...?

Juggernaut. Big... strong... Pretty self-explanatory.

Deathstrike. Adamantium claws. Martial-arts master. Would be really cool if she wasn't so murderous.

Manifold. Teleporter, mutant. You know this guy already--the one Rogue & Gambit have been looking for since issue #1.





...I'm definitely not selling you for your brains.



Oof!



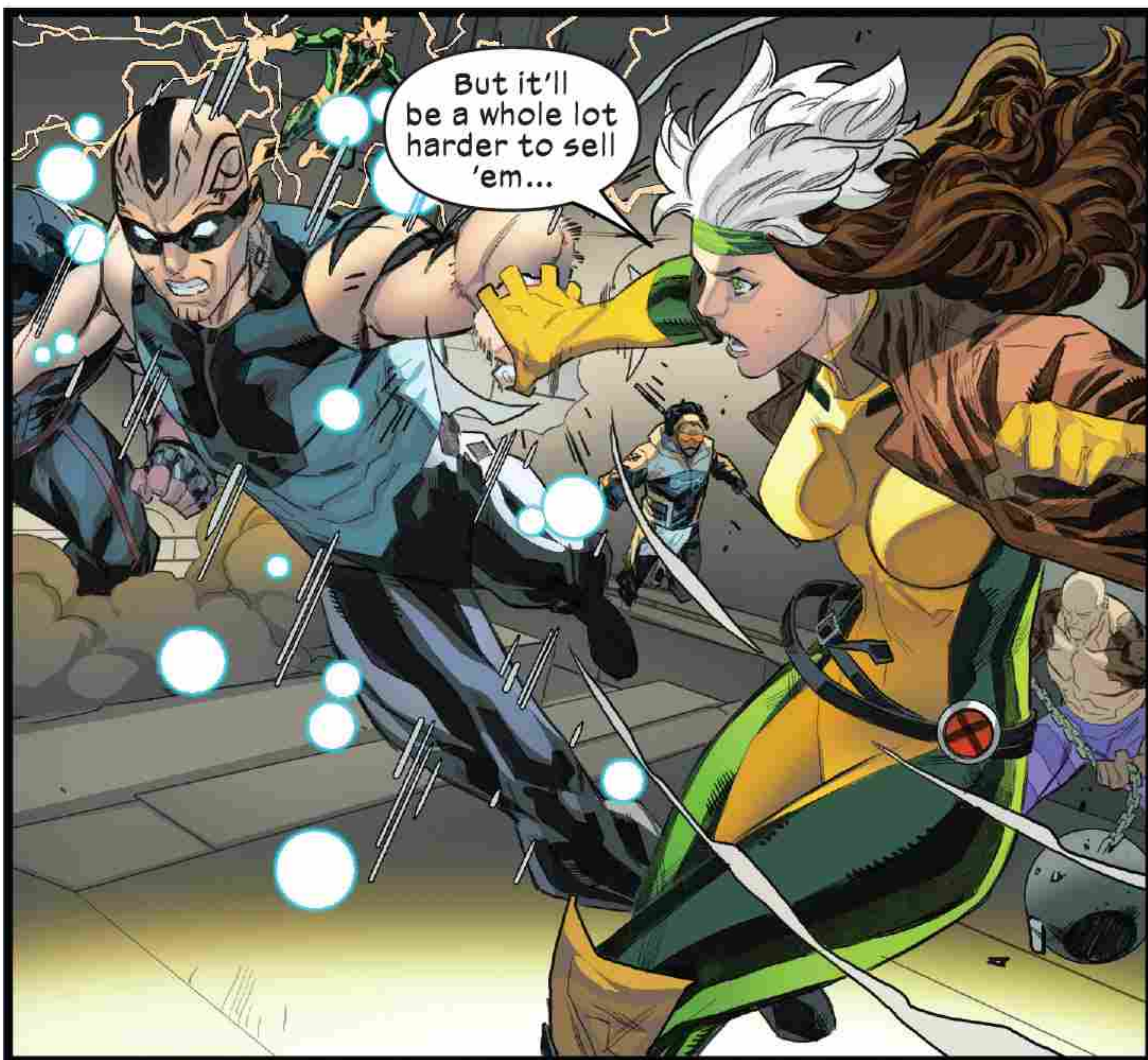
Selling?
I get it...



You're capturing and selling people with super-powers...
...that's why the ambassador was in Nevada...



...he wanted to purchase Deathstrike.



But it'll be a whole lot harder to sell 'em...



...if you lose control.



...Nngh...

Did I forget to mention...?



→kofft→
→kofft→

Those devices are implanted *directly* into the central nervous system.

If you remove the devices...



...they will
die.



